

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

THE SUMMER VISITORS TO THE WATERING-PLACES REQUIRE ALWAYS TO HAVE NEW DIVERSIONS. THE MOST POPULAR OF THESE, THIS SEASON AND LAST, HAS PROBABLY BEEN PAUL BOYTON'S TOBOGGAN-SLIDE, WHICH ENDS WITH A HARMLESS SPLASH IN THE WATER. THE DESCENT ON THE CHUTE IS MOST THRILLING, AND NONE BUT A GIRL WITH AN IRON-LIKE GRIP ON HERSELF REFRAINS FROM SQUEALING WHEN THE BOAT LEAVES THE CHUTE FOR THE PLUNGE INTO THE WATER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

C. FRANK DEWEY, European Representative, Hotel Bristol, Berlin.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND OTHERS.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is always glad to receive good pictures of interesting events, and the publishers will pay promptly for all acceptable photographs sent to them. Photographs of the life in the mining regions in Alaska and the Northwest Territory will be particularly acceptable.

An Experiment in Home-rule.

POLITICIANS are playing their game for the control of the Greater New York with more or less skill and with great zeal, and party leaders all over the United States are looking on with interest. It is the impression of the political managers of either party that the election of the first mayor of the Greater New York will be of great consequence to national politics, and for that reason the campaign will create a national interest, perhaps quite as great as that which will be due to the exciting State campaign in Ohio.

This relation of the local election in the new New York to partisan politics is, however, of far less importance than the test which the election and subsequent administration of the great municipality will afford of the ability of a chartered political community, the second in population and wealth in the world, to govern itself.

It is to be the grandest experiment in local self-government any municipality has ever attempted. Whether a Democrat, a Republican, or a non-partisan be chosen mayor, upon a gold-standard, free-silver, or local-issue platform, are incidents of minor consequence. Whoever be chosen, whatever party be successful, or platform indorsed, the pre-eminent issue is the ability of the majestic community of three million five hundred thousand people, with perhaps three billions of assessable wealth, to administer its own government with efficiency, economy, integrity, and in the spirit of healthful progress.

No chartered restrictions are upon the mayor and the municipal council such as permit outside interference. The Legislature has granted a charter guaranteeing as perfect freedom from legislative control as the Constitution of the United States secures to each State in all its exclusive affairs.

Amendments to the charter may, it is true, be found necessary. So amendments to the Constitution of the United States were found to be essential after a few years' experience with that great national charter. But as the charter for the administration of the government of the Greater New York stands to day, it permits the people to exercise absolutely independent use of the power of local self-government. It provides for genuine home rule. It makes the new New York, in all that pertains to its own interests, a free city in the broadest interpretation.

It is easy to understand, therefore, that the vital principle which is to be tested is not whether this or that national party is right or wrong in its representative doctrines, but whether great community practicing universal suffrage, cosmopolitan in the broadest sense, the financial heart of a great nation, is able to govern itself with wisdom and with the best results.

Such a government is in the highest sense non-partisan, and yet such an administration, if conducted by men who in national politics are associated with the Republican or the Democratic party, would be indirectly of greater advantage to that party than any benefit that could come from partisan direction.

For this reason it is fair to presume that, whoever be chosen mayor of New York, his first impulse will be so to administer his great trust that it may be acknowledged that local self government, true home-rule, in such a community as New York is achieved.

The Outbreak in India.

IT has been more than half a century since there was in India so formidable an outbreak as that at present on the frontier of Afghanistan. This war against British power follows close upon the jubilee celebration, and is anything but a pleasant condition for the English and Colonial imperialists to contemplate and to deal with. Of course there can be no doubt whatever that the British troops will suppress this rebellion in time, but in all likelihood they will have to do it at a great expense of life and property. The cause of the outbreak is easy to see, though those most affected by the consequences of an expensive war are quarreling over this cause as though there were

some mystery about it. Indeed, the very men who are most responsible for bringing on the war are doing all in their power to hide this cause in a cloud of mystery. For some years past the military set, of which Lord Roberts was chief, has been dominant in the administration of India. With entire disregard of consequences the British have extended the frontier farther and farther into the mountains, and have established garrisons too weak for self-defense against any formidable attack and without any sufficient support from the main army in India. This was an invitation to the Afghans and Swatis to attack, an invitation these warlike people have quickly accepted. There is no use whatever in blaming the Ameer of Afghanistan, and it is utter silliness to suggest that the Sultan of Turkey is at the bottom of the difficulty. The people now at war in India against the British rule probably never heard of the Sultan of Turkey, and the Ameer is practically without authority among them. The cause of the whole difficulty is the foolhardiness of these military administrators who deposed the enemy they are now called upon to fight. There is no doubt of the bravery of Lord Roberts—the "Bobs" of Kipling's ballads—and it is likely that he is also soldier of much skill. But as an administrator, or rather as the influence controlling the administration, he has involved his country in a war which may invite the coalition of the European Powers against Great Britain. It may be that "Bobs" will have plenty of fighting yet to do.

The Habit of Saving.

NOW that the good times are marching upon us, filling the farm and the factory, and making the people cheerful and the country glad, it might be well for all to remember that the best way to profit by the depression of the last four years is to save something out of the new prosperity for any other possible season of idleness and distress. With the vast abundance that this country has known, the habit of economy has come slowly. Many have seen the wisdom of it, and they are our rich people and the owners of our lands and industries and banks and various profitable properties. But the great majority of people have lived up to their incomes, and when the wages stopped, or the salary ceased, grim want stalked in. And so good men and well-bred women had to go to charity to keep from starvation; had to sacrifice their pride and accept of the public bounty, because in their days of prosperity they had forgotten the future.

Saving comes easily when it is once begun. Do not spend more than you earn. When Peter Cooper earned a dollar he lived on fifty cents of it, and the other successful men will testify how hard the struggle was to save the first money and how easy it was after the habit had been formed. We are going to have four of the greatest years the world has ever known, but no one should let that prospect delude him into spending all he gets. There is safety only in saving.

Army Administration.

THE line of the United States army, according to its strength, is no doubt most effective. The scheme of the whole army organization may also be very good, but now and then some of the business conducted by one or another branch of the staff is so bungled that doubts arise as to the ability of the officers composing these military, but non-fighting, departments. Any civilian who has had business to transact with the quartermaster's or the commissary department, or with the ordnance corps, will probably recall the experience with the same kind of amusement that a serious man feels after attending a dolls' tea-party. The army officers who do business with business men are very grave and very courteous, but the business in all of its stages appears to be a make-believe, a child's play, a much ado about nothing. All this probably does no greater harm than to make the army cost the country a million dollars or so a year more than it should, but what is a million dollars or so to a rich country like this in comparison with the satisfaction of supporting a lot of brigadiers, colonels, majors, and captains? Now and again, however, the inefficiency of these officers of the staff is genuinely provoking. The most recent instance was the sinking of a schooner loaded with heavy guns built for the defense of Savannah. It appears that the ordnance officers could not transport these guns to their destination, but were required by the regulations of the service to call for quartermasters to do this work. The quartermasters—more at home in tailor-shops, woolen-mills, and wagon-factories than aboard ship—lashed the guns so insecurely that in the first storm they broke loose and smashed the schooner to pieces, so that now both schooner and guns are at the bottom of the sea. It is quite likely that in the army, as in other affairs of life, it is best for the shoemaker to stick to his last.

About the Bicycle Wheels.

R. D. W. HERING, the distinguished professor of physics in the University of the City of New York, has recently turned his attention to the bicycles with very interesting results. He took the wheels of five different bicycles, or ten wheels in all, and put them through scientific tests and processes in order

to find out their tensions. All the wheels were high grade, and while the names are not given, they evidently represent the leading kinds. The full statement of his work fills an interesting page in the *Engineering News*. No spoke in any wheel had the same tension of any other spoke in the same wheel. For instance, in one of these wheels one spoke had an eighty-pound pull, while the next one to it had a hundred-and-eighty-pound pull. He shows the inequalities by diagrams and figures, which the professional can understand more easily than the layman. His conclusion is important. "Whatever may be the best remedy for the defect," he says, "it is not good engineering practice to operate any machine that is subject to vibration or shock with so small a margin of safety in all of its members as is seen to exist in bicycle wheels;" and he adds, "no matter what kind of a wheel is used, the mechanics should not evade the responsibility for excessive tightening of the spoke on the plea that they are not tuners. A maximum tension ought to be established beyond which they should not be allowed to go, and a rim which required more than this ought to be rejected."

So it seems that we have not reached bicycle perfection after all, and that our inventors and manufacturers must go on improving until they secure results that will be as satisfactory to scientists as to the riders. The matter is important at this time, because the whole world is a wheel, and the niceties of mechanical ingenuity and balance add marvelously to the satisfaction of riding. Dr. Hering has done all bicyclists a service in pointing out a defect that must be remedied.

An American Diplomat in Spain.

OUR traveled fellow-countrymen have complained, and not without reason, that the average American minister or consular representative abroad is woefully deficient in the art and *finesse* of diplomacy, as compared with the well-trained envoys accredited from European courts. Such carping critics should watch General Stewart L. Woodford, the new American minister to Spain, and be rebuked to silence. Already his sayings and doings have become the subject of admiring comment—which we hope is not meant ironically—by the Spanish press.

General Woodford had scarcely presented his credentials at Madrid when he set about "jollying" the Duke of Tetuan, minister of foreign affairs. He said he was fully acquainted with the history of the illustrious house to which the duke belongs, the surname of which (O'Donnell) was of Irish origin, "like that of President McKinley." General Woodford added that he regretted seeing such a large police force at the railway-station upon his arrival. He wished to go about unattended, as Señor de Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington, does.

Naturally, this made a profound impression on the duke; and our brave minister followed it up at San Sebastian, the fashionable watering-place, on the border of the Basque province. Here, says the Madrid *Imperial*, General Woodford desired to witness the bull-fight, "but did not attend, out of respect for Mr. Stanton Sickles, the secretary of the legation, who is in mourning for his grandmother." The touching spectacle of our minister staying home from the bull fight, out of respect for the memory of his secretary's grandmother, must win every heart.

As a finishing touch, the newspaper already quoted goes on to relate that General Woodford, still at San Sebastian, "has caused to be bought a number of the caps worn in the Basque province, and the members of his family and his staff are wearing them, with the object of creating a good impression on the public."

We sincerely hope he may be successful in this praiseworthy endeavor. The only suggestion we can add is that he have bells put on the caps. There would be a certain fitness and propriety in the spectacle of Minister Woodford in cap and bells.

The Pictures in "Leslie's Weekly."

To the Editor of *Leslie's Weekly*.

SIR:—On behalf of the Madison Square Garden Company, accept our congratulations for the magnificent picture of our roof-garden published in your issue of September 9th, it being the finest picture of the roof-garden published since the construction of the building. Yours very truly,

FRANK W. SANGER,
Manager Madison Square Garden Company.
NEW YORK, September 8th, 1897.



—THE children of the late Mrs. John Drew were John and Sidney, both well-known actors at present, and Georgie, who was married to Maurice Barrymore, and died at Santa Barbara, California, on July 2d, 1893. She was also an excellent and a favorite actress, and is well remembered, amongst other parts, for her sparkling impersonation of *Adelaide Hillary*, in Crane's comedy of "The Senator." Her daughter, Ethel Barrymore, made her stage débüt a short time ago, went to England last summer to support William Gillette in "Secret Service," and is now a member of Henry Irving's company. The hard-

ships of family separation incident to the actor's lot were sadly realized to Mrs. Drew at the moment of her death. One of her sons (John Drew) was in Salt Lake City, and the other (Sidney) in London, while her granddaughter, Ethel Barrymore, to whom she was much devoted, had left this country for Europe only a few days before.

= It has become an axiom of railway management that it yields to no personal influence, and that the pull, as it is known in politics, is without avail.

This has again been illustrated in the choice of the new president of the Northern Pacific Railway. That corporation is controlled by men of great wealth and financial influence, possessing a wide circle of friends and, perhaps, dependents. In seeking, however, for the man for the difficult post of president the directors were guided by a single standard—merit. They found in Vice-President Mellro, of the New Haven Railway corporation, a young man who owed every promotion he had obtained to nothing but merit.

As a lad he was promoted from a minor place in the office of a New Hampshire railway to a post of greater responsibility. Then again he was indicated as just the man needed for certain duties in the Union Pacific system, and afterwards, when the New Haven company, under the broad, comprehensive, and far-seeing direction of President Clark, was developing into one of the great railway systems of the United States, Mr. Mellro was called to take chief control of its operating department. Then his talent was so well established that he thereby recommended himself by his works, not his words, to the Northern Pacific directory for the presidency of that corporation. His career is only another proof of the assertion, "The republic is opportunity."

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gone on the stage to help out the family funds. Mr. Beardsley's friends say that Beardsley's art may be decadent, but his heart is wholesome and true to its ideals, and his one great desire in life is to make his mother and sister comfortable. Mr. Joseph Pennell declares that in the future the strange qualities of Beardsley's work will be more fully appreciated, and that he has actually founded a new school of decoration which has found disciples all over the world.

= Count Nicholas Leontieff is the newly appointed governor of the so-called equatorial provinces of Ethiopia, and who figured

in the recent sensational duel in Paris as one of the seconds of Prince Henri d'Orleans. The accompanying photograph was made by our Paris correspondent at the Continental Hotel the day of the count's arrival in the French capital. It shows him in the costume he wears among the mountains of Abyssinia, where he has attained a rank and importance second only to that of the supreme ruler, the Negus Menelek himself. Nicholas de Leontieff was a Russian army officer, who visited the negus's dominions three years ago at the head of a Russian diplomatic mission. He

not only accomplished the objects of the latter, but made himself personally so well liked and respected that Menelek has not been able to do without him since. He had a hand both in bringing about the defeat of the Italians at Adowa and in furthering the subsequent peace negotiations; and it is as a reward for these distinguished services that his dusky protector has appointed him to his present post. With Prince Henri of Orleans as deputy or assistant, this brilliant young Russian will rule a country larger than France, situated midway between Great Britain's possessions in South Africa and her dependency, Egypt, in the north. Leontieff proposes to act as a buffer against British aggression on both sides. We may, therefore, expect to hear a good deal more of him in the future. After presenting his royal master's gifts in person to the Sultan at Constantinople, he will return to France to recruit a gendarmerie for his new dominions.

= Pierre Loti is to-day the most popular writer in France. There are more of his books sold than of any other author in



PIERRE LOTI.

France, and his photographs are disposed of as rapidly as they can be printed. He has been a success from the first. There was no long struggle for him. Madame Adam "discovered" him, and the market for his wares has since been a ready one. Loti is a strange individual, and in this way holds the interest of the public, to which the personal side appeals as readily as the professional. His life in the navy led him to strange lands, and he loves better to dress in Oriental robes than in the ugly modes that the Paris man of to-day is forced by custom to wear. His attire at home is always some long, flowing drapery swathed about him, and his surroundings are in harmony, for his beautiful apartments are furnished with things from Oriental lands, with all the color and splendor of an Eastern potentate. He has the easy grace which harmonizes with these things, and flings himself down in the midst of cushions and draperies, his white robes falling picturesquely and making an "effect." In appearance, Loti is striking. He is dark, with intense, penetrating eyes that seem to burn through one. He is thin and lithe, even to boniness, and is quick and agile in his movements. His expression is usually grave and severe, but in conversation his face brightens beautifully and the fire of his soul flashes forth.

= In European diplomatic circles an individual who is attracting a good deal of attention is General Constantine Smo-

lenski, the Grecian commander. General Smolenski's chief title to distinction (and in view of all the circumstances it is rather a proud one) lies in the fact that he was the only Greek general who, during the late war with Turkey, failed to run when confronted by the enemy. The general is a born fighter, his conduct at Velestino and Reveni Pass, two of the most sanguinary engagements of the war, standing out in marked contrast to that of his contemporary officers. This capable and efficient soldier is now paying the penalty of his rashness. He has been banished from Greece by order of King George, the explanation of the decree being that that rather weak-kneed monarch fears the great popularity of Smolenski, consequent upon the latter's gallantry, may lead to a revolution, with the brave general at its head.

= Lincoln, New Jersey, is said to be "the woman-governed town," and perhaps the charge is true, for the common council is made up of members of the gentler sex, with one man, Mr. T. W. Sheldon, to preserve the balance of power. On September 4th Lincoln had the most exciting day in its history, and Miss Hattie Moore, who is described as a sweetly pretty maid of eighteen summers, even if she is ambitious to be a legislator, was the heroine of it all. A special election was held for choice of two members of the council. There were three names on the ticket—Mr. Sheldon's, Miss Moore's, and that of a Mrs. Catherine Myers. Mr. Sheldon's election was conceded before the voting began, and the contest, therefore, lay between the two ladies. All day long the battle raged. When the votes were counted the result was announced: Sheldon, sixty-seven; Moore, forty-seven; Myers, twenty. The first two were duly declared elected. Miss Moore thus enjoys a distinction that is rare enough in her part of the country. She is described, among other things, as "an ardent church worker, a Christian Endeavorer, and a believer in moderation."

= The great game of golf is firmly fixed in the affections of all those who have tried it. It has a literature that is extensive in England and Scotland, and it is likely soon to supply material for enduring American fiction and poetry. Of those who have written about golf and who have also woven incidents of the great game into tales, Mr. William G. Van Tassel Sutphen is easily the most skillful. Mr. Sutphen lives in Morristown, New Jersey, and plays the game over the beautiful course of the Morris County Country Club. He is an able player, but it is likely that his golf fame will come to him rather from his romances than from the smallness of his score or the length of his drives. Mr. Sutphen is a Princeton man, and has been a journalist and *litterateur* ever since leaving college, fifteen years or so ago.

= The youthful bride of General James J. Longstreet made a record for herself before she united her fortunes with those of her distinguished husband. As Miss Ellen J. Dortch, she was well known in Georgia journalism, was secretary of the Georgia Woman's Press Club, and is at this writing assistant State librarian and candidate for State librarian to succeed Captain John Milledge, whose term expires this month. Whether Mrs. Longstreet will withdraw from this candidacy or not is an interesting question with the Georgia newspapers. Mrs. Longstreet, as Miss Dortch, is the first woman to hold public office in Georgia. She was appointed thereto by Governor Atkinson soon after his first inauguration. Since that time she has been instrumental in the passage of a law making women eligible to the higher position for which she has been canvassing in her own interest for over a year. Personally and socially, Mrs. Longstreet is a very charming woman, and very popular in the newspaper world of her State, and, unless she chooses of herself to withdraw from office-seeking, will doubtless have the position she asks for. Mrs. Longstreet looks even more youthful than our picture of her. She is just past thirty, and her husband, who is the oldest living general of the Confederacy, is seventy-six. General Longstreet is without fortune, but is looking confidently towards Washington for an office with a comfortable salary.

= Miss Juanita Florence O'Hare, of Boston, can tell one as much, if not more, about the liquor business of the old Bay State than many of the most prominent Prohibitionists or temperance workers, and yet she is neither a Prohibitionist nor a Woman's Christian Temperance worker in the sense that those terms are understood by the public. She is the secretary of the Law and Order League of the State, an organization composed of some of the most public-spirited citizens of Massachusetts. Their object is to secure the most favorable legislation for the good of the community as they see it. Miss O'Hare lately succeeded Colonel L. Edwin Dudley, who is now filling a consulship under the present administration. Besides directing the general work of the league, Miss O'Hare is in charge of the detective agency connected with the organization. She is an expert stenographer and a good business woman. Miss O'Hare has a remarkable personality. Until she was eighteen years of age she passed most of her time in Japan and China, where her father's business interests lie. She was educated in a convent, and although away from her native Boston for so long, soon adapted herself to American ways and manners. Her father, as the name indicates, was an Irishman's son, a native of Boston; her mother was an English woman. Her grandmother was a Spanish woman, and many think that Miss O'Hare looks like a Spaniard, but she has the alert, active temperament indicative of Celtic origin.



MRS. ELLEN J. D. LONGSTREET.



MISS JUANITA FLORENCE O'HARE.



PRESIDENT C. S. MELLRO.

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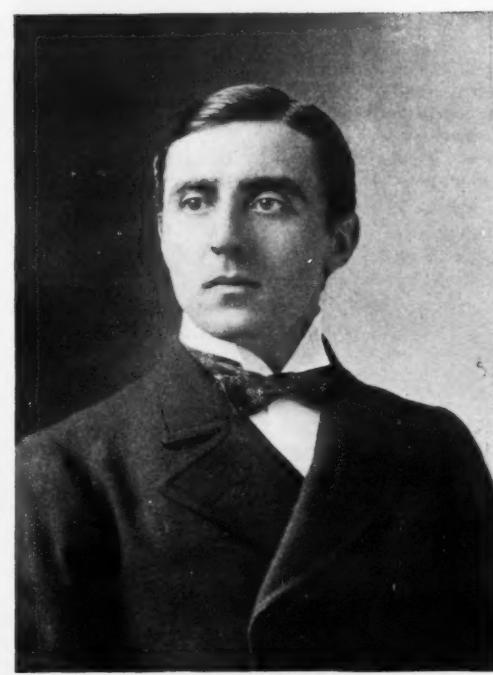
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ACT I.—H. M. S. "THE FURY," PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.

MR. E. H. SOTHERN.
Photograph by Sarony.

ACT II.—BELTON HALL, RUTLANDSHIRE.

"FATHER O'NIMBLE" (OWEN FAWCETT) AND "THE ANCIENT"
(ROWLAND BUCKSTONE).ACT V.—"CHRISTOPHER HEARTRIGHT" (E. H. SOTHERN) AND "CELIA" (VIRGINIA HARNED)
IN THE DUTCH GARDEN.

Photographs by Byron.

"CHANGE ALLEY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Mr. Sothern's new English play, "Change Alley," written by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, the authors of idyllic "Rosemary," has auspiciously opened the preliminary season of the Lyceum Theatre, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman. "Change Alley," like "Rosemary," is distinguished by qualities of quaint and humorous charm, rather than of dramatic strength. It has not the concentration and directness of the last-named play, but is more ambitious pictorially. The period depicted is that of the public speculative craze known as the South Sea bubble, in 1719-20. The costumes are rich and picturesque, and the stage setting of the story is in five tableaux, all notable for their artistic beauty and elaborateness of detail. That of Act I. shows a roysterous ship-tavern scene at Portsmouth, where Christopher Hearttright (Mr. Sothern), a young gentleman of fortune, who has followed an adventurous sea-faring life, learns that he has come into his inheritance of the estate called Belton Hall. The second act transpires at Belton, where the hero entertains his neighbors, and falls in love with Celia (Virginia Harned), the daughter of a country squire. In acts third and fourth the scenes and *dramatis personae* are transported to London—first in Sadler's Wells Garden, at night-time, then in Change Alley, the vortex of stock-speculation. Here Hearttright's fortune is swept away from him, and with it his dearest hope, that of winning the hand of Celia. But the restoration of both is brought about by the young lady herself, aided by a delightful Irish priest, Father O'Nimble (Owen Fawcett), and a comical old sea-dog known as One-hundred-and-one (Rowland Buckstone). The happy ending takes place in the old Dutch garden at Belton—a lovely setting for some very pretty scenes between Mr. Sothern and Miss Harned, the other pair of light-comedy lovers, the priest, and the ancient mariner aforementioned. Whatever its drawbacks of structural weakness and remote environment, "Change Alley" deserves and will win cordial patronage for its sweet, wholesome, and refined tone, no less than its careful and intelligent *mise-en-scene*.



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SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.

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THIS IS A PART OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE. OVER THIS ROAD THE ADVENTURERS MUST GO TO REACH THE EL DORADO OF THEIR AMBITION. IT IS HERE, ACCORDING TO MR. JOSEPH LADUE, THE BEST AUTHORITY ON THIS SECTION, THAT TRAVEL IS CONGESTED, AND MR. LADUE THINKS IT IS LIKELY THAT HERE, IN ADDITION TO GREAT SUFFERING, MANY LIVES WILL BE LOST.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 202.]

THE DEACON'S DONATION.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

THE minister met the deacon just as the latter was opening his small white gate.

"Well, Brother Farnham," the minister exclaimed, seizing his hand, "I am glad to see you! My heart has been full of surprise and gratitude all day. It's a blessed thing you've done, deacon, a blessed thing; and your reward will be a rich one, I am sure."

The deacon looked dazed.

"I don't take in your meaning, Mr. Ladd," he said, rescuing an unwilling hand from the minister's embarrassing grasp.

"Oh, now, deacon," went on Mr. Ladd, his ardor in no wise dampened. "You needn't pretend you don't know what I mean. You can't hide a good deed like this; its light will shine. Everybody knows it by this time, and, best of all, the Lord knows it, deacon, and He'll bless you. I just wanted to get in my personal thanks. Don't say a word," and the minister was off before the uncomprehending deacon could gather his scattered wits.

"By gum!" he ejaculated, as he looked after the minister's retreating form.

This was the strongest expletive Deacon Farnham ever allowed himself, and when he made use of it he produced it with great deliberation and force.

"Now what's the person got into his head?" he went on to himself, as he walked up the path which led to his house. "It beats me! It can't be that mess of pease I sent him he's so everlastingly grateful for—bringing in the Lord in that way."

Down in Deacon Farnham's heart was the consciousness that no one, not even the minister, could be very grateful for those tough old pease, the last product of the vines.

"I'd like to know what he was at," he continued, stopping to wipe his moist forehead.

But the question was too puzzling, and he gave it up before he reached his door.

The deacon sat down on the kitchen stoop and took the Greenhill *Chronicle* from his pocket. He put his straw hat on the step beside him and settled for a comfortable reading of the daily news, letting the minister and his mysterious gratitude drop out of his mind, as a subject too exciting for the warm day.

All about him stretched his broad fields, bearing promise of full harvest, and his green orchards, laden with rich abundance of young fruit. The whole farm bore witness to unstinted care and consequent prosperity.

Back of the deacon was the kitchen, large and bare, but scrubbed and scoured until the sunshine, pouring into the west windows, could disclose no trace of dirt nor speck of dust.

The deacon did not believe in any superfluities in housekeeping arrangements. There was nothing to soften the evidence of labor here.

On the farm, work was repaid by beauty as well as profit. The plowed earth was soon hidden by waving grain, and the spaded soil brought forth green plants and graceful vines.

Mrs. Farnham's kitchen toil received no such reward. The result was merely that the room was clean; it remained uncompromisingly bare.

The afternoon air was hot and heavy, the drone of the bees drowsy, and Deacon Farnham's head went on involuntary little journeys as he sat on the step with the paper in his hand. The *Chronicle* drooped lower and lower, and would have fallen from his grasp had not his eye, in one of his lucid moments, caught sight of something which caused him to bring back his wandering head with a jerk and startled him into wide wakefulness.

It was his own name which so aroused him, and he adjusted his spectacles and straightened his paper.

"It has reached our editorial ears that Deacon Farnham, of Upland Farm, has donated the generous sum of two hundred dollars towards the building of the new Congregational church. Minister Ladd is to be congratulated on being able to count such a liberal and public-minded parishioner as one of his flock."

The deacon laid down his paper with a sniff of disgust.

"So that's it!" he said, aloud. "Of all the fools!" And he struck his fist on his knee.

Nothing could be further from the deacon's mind than to give one cent towards the building of the little church, to say nothing of two hundred dollars.

Not but that he could afford it; the deacon was "well off," but he was also "close." Little of the profit which so readily flowed into his pocket was ever bestowed in free and ungrudging gifts. Only the necessities of life found their way into his household, and the neighbors spoke pityingly of Mrs. Farnham; she had so little to "do with."

Furthermore, if a fit of generosity had chanced to come over the deacon's spirit, the new church, building down in the village, was not likely to receive the benefit of it. He had shown no interest in its erection from the very first. The old meeting-house was dilapidated and fast falling into decay, but the deacon could not see any reason for forsaking it.

"I've worshipped in it for fifty years, and my father before me," he would say, when its condition was pointed out to him. "The Lord ain't any respecter of persons, and I guess he ain't of places. What's good enough for Him is good enough for me."

After that there was nothing more to be said, for the deacon was well known to be obstinate, and any prolonged argument only served to stiffen his convictions.

So the church had to go ahead without any help from its senior deacon, but the work on the little structure did not proceed rapidly, for the funds were small and slow in coming.

"I believe he's real pleased when the work has to be stopped," wailed Mrs. Farnham, whose very heart was in the progress of the new church.

No wonder the deacon's irritation grew as he re-read the startling announcement of the *Chronicle*.

"Well, I'll have that settled before the sun goes down," he

exclaimed, rising to his feet. "Guess I better put this where Maria won't get hold of it," he added, folding the paper carefully and returning it to his pocket. "She's dead set on that foolishness, Maria is."

A few moments later Deacon Farnham was climbing the steep and dusty stairs which led to the office of the Greenville *Weekly Chronicle*. He found the editor at his desk, in his shirt-sleeves, taking life easily.

"Well, Deacon Farnham, this is an unexpected pleasure! Sit down," was his greeting.

"Look here, young man!" puffed the deacon, out of breath from the exertion of climbing, but refusing the proffered chair, "you're getting altogether too smart in that paper of yours—making free with my name in that style."

"Oh, you mustn't be so modest, deacon. A good deed like that ought to be known."

This interpretation of his protest was unexpected to the deacon, and he had to begin again.

"I don't know what idiot told you that stuff, but it's a lie, and you can take it back in your next. When I give two hundred dollars—which won't be soon—it'll be somewhere else than to that church folly. Do you understand? I want it contradicted in your next."

"Certainly, Deacon Farnham," replied the editor, in cool contrast to the deacon's irritation. "I thought at the time it must be a mistake, but Totman was so dead sure I let it go in. He heard it from some of your church people, he said. Must have got you mixed up with somebody else. Sorry it caused you any annoyance. I'll make it all right next week." And the editor returned to his business, which consisted, just then, in smoking a cigar and reading a late novel.

The deacon clumped down stairs, his contrary old mind even more ruffled than when he went up.

"Humph!" he grunted to himself. "They're an impudent set, those newspaper fellows; the whole lot of them. Thought it wasn't true, did he? I'd like to know what right he had to think it wasn't true."

As the deacon was crossing the little square which formed the business centre of the village he met Mr. Wright, a brother deacon in the church.

"Well, Farnham," exclaimed Deacon Wright, "this is a fine growing day. That's great news of you in the *Chronicle*. Seen it?"

"I've seen that newspaper lie, if that's what you mean," growled Deacon Farnham.

Deacon Wright laughed.

"Brother Little was asking me about it just now, and I told him there wasn't a word of truth in it, and that you'd be mighty mad when you saw it. Wonder where they got hold of such a yarn, anyhow!"

Deacon Farnham watched his brother deacon until he disappeared in the grocery-store. Then he turned slowly and continued his way.

"So he told Little there wasn't any truth in it!" he said to himself. "Seems to me people take a good deal for granted."

That evening, after supper, the deacon was strolling about his farm. Suddenly the twilight stillness was broken by belligerent sounds which seemed to proceed from behind the big barn. Hastening to the spot the deacon discovered his youngest son, a lad of eleven, in fierce combat with a neighbor's boy.

"Joseph!" sternly commanded the deacon, collarine his son and shaking him free. "What are you thinking of? Haven't I expressly forbidden your fighting?"

Joseph, defenseless in the firm grasp of his father, began to whimper, while his opponent vanished with remarkable alacrity.

"What do you mean, sir? Answer me!" continued Deacon Farnham, giving his prisoner another shake.

"I wasn't really fighting, father," pleaded Joseph. "I was only punching Job Tucker for saying things about you."

"About me? Well, what did he say about me? Out with it!"

"Why," stammered Joseph, "he said there warn't no truth in—in what the paper said, and I said it warn't none of his business if there warn't, and—and he said his father said you was too mean to give a pewter penny, and as for two hundred dollars, you couldn't afford it any way."

The deacon let go of his son's collar and walked away, leaving Joseph much surprised and relieved at his speedy release.

The deacon's brows were drawn in a heavy scowl. He did not mind being called mean—he was used to that, but the last imputation rankled in his breast.

There had always been a slight, unacknowledged jealousy between these two farmers whose fertile fields lay side by side.

Mr. Tucker had contributed two hundred dollars himself towards the church funds, and had received much praise for his act.

"So Tucker says I can't afford it!" he muttered to himself. "I'd just like to give him and all these folks who know so much a surprise that would make them talk to some purpose. But it would be just foolishness and a waste of money into the bargain. Can't afford it, hey!" The deacon chuckled in spite of his wrath. "I could give them something to talk about!" he repeated.

The next day Mrs. Farnham had an early dinner in order that she might get "cleared up" and go to the sewing-circle. When she returned, late in the afternoon, her husband was seated in his accustomed place on the back steps.

The deacon had a profound contempt for sewing-circles.

"Their tongues go a sight faster'n their needles," he often said.

Now he greeted his wife with, "Well, Maria, what's the latest gossip?"

A tinge of red came into Mrs. Farnham's faded cheeks. "Why, Israel," she replied, smoothing down her best black silk, shiny from long service, "we talked about a great many things. We spoke of the new church—"

"I'll warrant you did!" interrupted the deacon.

"They told me that the *Chronicle* said you'd given two hun-

dred dollars towards the new building. Did you ever hear such a story?"

"Humph!" responded her husband. "What did you say?"

"Say?" answered Mrs. Farnham. "Why, that there wasn't a word of truth in it, of course. I told them you wouldn't hear to the idea a minute, much less give two hundred dollars, which is a mortal sight of money."

Deacon Farnham rose to his feet. He did not look towards his wife.

"I must say, Maria," he exclaimed, sharply, "you took a great deal on yourself! How do you know but what the paper said is true—or going to be?" he added to himself; and he walked off, leaving his wife staring after him in dumb amazement.

The next day the deacon stood again in the editorial office. He seemed a trifle embarrassed and conscious, and his efforts to speak in a natural, off-hand manner only resulted in giving his tones a deeper gruffness.

"I just dropped in," he said, "to say you needn't bother about correcting that statement in regard to my giving two hundred dollars to the new church. Just let it stand—or, if you've got to say any more about it, make it fifty dollars better!" And the deacon got away as fast as he could.

"Tucker'll find that a pill to swallow!" he chuckled to himself.

"Whew!" whistled the editor, as the deacon closed the door. "I wonder whatever brought the old man to that? I shouldn't wonder if it was sheer contrariness."

The Diary of Pilgrim George Soule.

THE "MAYFLOWER," SEPTEMBER 6TH-NOVEMBER 11TH, 1620.

It lies upon the library desk,
A diary brown and old;
The leather back is torn away,
The pages blurred with mould;
But still a sentence here and there
Is left by time to show
The hopes and fears of Pilgrim Soule,
Who kept it, long ago.

In what a stiff, old-fashioned hand
His solemn thoughts were penned,
And how the *Mayflower* must have rolled,
For half the letters blend!

And here he enters "Grievous sick,"
And here, "A child was born,"
And later on, "A sailor dyed
This holy Sabbath morn."

He mentions, too, a Mistress Anne
He left across the sea
In some old garden hedged with box
And haunted by the bee;

And if you hold this tattered leaf
Between you and the light
You still can see the pilgrim's tear
That blisters "Land in sight!"

In stately tomb and simple mound
The Pilgrim Fathers sleep,
Forgetting, in their final rest,
The perils of the deep.

The *Mayflower*, with her oaken ribs,
Is nothing but a name;
But, Pilgrim Soule, your little book
Outlived your sturdy frame! MINNA IRVING.

"It's a Long Time," Etc.

A HISTORIC LESSON IN DIPLOMACY.

"WHAT the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina" is known to every man in the United States; but the circumstances under which the historic remark was first uttered are not, perhaps, generally familiar.

In the early part of this century a North Carolinian of some political prominence, who had crossed the State border and was living in South Carolina, was indicted in the latter State for some minor crime. To escape arrest, he returned to his old home in North Carolina, whereupon the Governor of South Carolina issued his requisition for the fugitive. The latter had rich and influential friends, who induced the Governor of North Carolina to refuse to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence ensued; and finally the South Carolina executive, accompanied by friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raleigh for a personal conference with his North Carolina colleague about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The Governor of North Carolina, with an escort of distinguished officers and citizens, went out to meet the visitors and escorted them to the executive mansion with due pomp and circumstance. Before proceeding to business the entire assembly sat down to an elaborate dinner, at which wine flowed generously; and after the wine came brandy—the famous and formidable apple-jack of the old North State.

At last, after the decanters and glasses had been removed, the Governor of South Carolina formally stated the object of his visit, and demanded the surrender of the fugitive malefactor. The Governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a heated discussion, in which the attorneys-general of the two States took part; until finally the Governor of South Carolina arose in his wrath and said:

"Sir, you have refused my just demand, and offended the dignity of my office and my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and, returning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

In silence and breathless interest all eyes were turned upon the Governor of North Carolina. He rose with great deliberation and dignity, and beckoned a servant from the other end of the room. Still no reply was forthcoming, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded:

"What do you say?"

"I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks." The situation was saved and good humor magically restored. Decanters and glasses reappeared, and during the remainder of the visit if any one attempted to bring up the diplomatic business of the occasion he was promptly gagged with the remark that it was a long time between drinks. When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

In his own country the American loves life better than death. Rarely does he step out of his path to visit the tomb of Washington or Lincoln, of Emerson or Hawthorne, of Morse or Fulton, or any other benefactor of his race, while he will run in crowds to a base-ball match or a fire. But no sooner does he cross the ocean than he becomes engrossed with the dead, and tombs are his places of pilgrimage. One might wager with confidence that more Americans than Englishmen visit Westminster Abbey each year to offer up irrelevant emotions; and Stratford-on-Avon has become a kind of shifting American colony, in which everything, even the price-marks in shop-windows, accommodate themselves to the prejudices of the foreign population.

I did not intend to visit Stratford, because of a heretical dissatisfaction with tombs. The flowery, undesignated graves of the common people please me well, or the tombs of those who were fortunate enough to die two or three centuries ago, when the simplest little headstone was a thing of beauty. Also I like the Gothic tombs in which kings and nobles were laid beneath cathedral altars; from Edward the Confessor to Elizabeth the monarchs of England are royal still in their royal house of Westminster. Knights, bishops, saints, great ladies rest in noble tombs at many altars; and many a tomb has deserved to survive the poor dust it inclosed, and pass down through the ages the challenge of beauty to death. But few of the poets have been appropriately inurned. To visit the tomb of a poet is a risk so reckless that one scarcely dares deliberately accept it. Even the Poets' Corner at Westminster—that crush of monuments in decadent renaissance defacing the fine old Gothic lines, that discordant chorus of epitaphs in which the nobodies talk the loudest—even this is not fitting for a poet's grave. On the whole, the tomb of Gower, in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, impressed me as the most unquestionable success of all the poets' tombs which I have visited. Manifestly the pragmatical old versifier was a great man in his day. There he lies in state on his carved sarcophagus, in all the pomp of a painted effigy, his hands praying on his breast, his head pillow'd upon his three big books; ceremoniously awaiting the last trump in that fine old church across the Thames, of which he, five centuries ago, was one of the most important parishioners.

But Stratford. The entire town on the Avon is little more than the tomb of Shakespeare, and its people live upon his memory in a practical, worldly way which puts to scorn the fine sentiment of traveling worshipers. It was in vain to oppose my vague intentions against the universal pilgrimage; the pleading of compatriots, the shocked eyes of friends, the countless influences in the air, combined with the wiles of railroads to lure me into the beaten path. One beautiful sunny morning I found myself alighting at the Stratford station and noting the reverent crowd which accompanied me into the village street—faces prepared for emotion and eager for awe. And truly it was a day full of emotions; not always of the kind I was looking for, but always sufficiently exciting.

The first took possession of me at the fountain presented by "an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the jubilee year of Queen Victoria." This expression of international amenities was a little too suggestive of the style which a Chicago architect once called "Victorian cathartic" to be altogether in harmony with an Elizabethan mood. Seeking solace in the inscriptions, I read this line from Washington Irving:

"Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions."

Was it possible that our amiable and clever Addisonian had ever uttered so banal a word as that? And among all the praises which American voices have offered up to Shakespeare, could nothing more adequate be found to carve upon a public monument? I wondered if the wise Shakespeare would not smile at the sentimentality which can characterize the realities of life as dull, and wish to gild the marble face of truth with "innocent illusions." A little dashed in spirit, I gave up this jubilee tribute and passed on.

The birth-house soothed me back into Shakespearean serenity. Here everything is so nearly as it should be that one may almost become an Elizabethan for the hour. The fine old Tudor house of beams and plaster; the low, heavily-beamed rooms and queer steep stairs; the simple empty chamber which tradition and probability mark out as the first theatre which echoed with Shakespeare's voice; the little museum with its odd collection of trinkets and relics—all these help to place the poet back in his own time. Even the keeper who told me about a performance of Shakespeare's "Edward V." in the Memorial Theatre showed a commendably contemporary ignorance of his bard. He showed me, this would-be Elizabethan, a portrait of Shakespeare which every instinct of my imagination saluted as genuine, in opposition to the more authentic and historic and inartistic portrait in the museum. "Many a time as a boy I've seen this portrait 'angin' in its owner's 'ouse'ere in Stratford. At that time it had a long, full beard, and nobody knew who it was meant for. But somebody came along who thought the forehead was Shakespeare's. So they took it to London to be restored, and there they found that the beard was painted on afterwards, and the picture hunderneath was Shakespeare. After that the owner refused three thousand pounds for it, and gave it to us." A beautiful portrait, authentic by the high evidence of beauty and artistic style; done by a painter who knew his trade, whereas the one in the museum was done by a bungler. What more probable than that such a portrait should have been painted from the life, should have fallen among thieves who appropriated it for some bearded pard, and in this disguise should have passed down without record or title to our investigating age? It is indubitably Shakespeare, the finest of all the Shakespeares. Is it not less difficult to account for it as a portrait from the life than to explain it by any other theory?

From the birth-place it was a natural transition to the school

where the young Shakespeare began to hoard up his treasure of wisdom. This was the finest pleasure of the day. The simple, noble halls of beams and plaster, which first echoed to boys' voices in the days of the boy-king, Edward VI., are still used for the old purpose, and their solid oaken structure will endure many generations more of active English youth. It was a boy who showed the place to me, and pointed out the room where the poet must have studied or idled, and the guildhall where he is said to have acted his first part. Under this architectural influence I rebuilt the town in the beautiful Tudor fashion, and saw the streets whose charm drew Shakespeare back to them after he had played with the splendor of the world.

And all the spirits of the past conspired together as I wandered on towards the Church of the Holy Trinity, and saw it in the distance half-revealed through noble trees, and hallowed by many graves under headstones dappled with sun and shade. I circled the church and sat on a tomb, watching the Avon, as so many poets and pilgrims have done before me. And then, heavy with dreams and memories, I followed the pilgrims' path. The entrance fee of sixpence was a little disconcerting, but I recovered from that blow and slowly ascended the nave. The parchment register, with impartial entry of the great name among so many forgotten, the old font and Bible, the old Clopton tombs—these accepted the spirit of the ancient church in spite of modern efforts to make them exhibits. The windows were anachronisms, every one—bad recent English glass, stilted and thin. Yet every old church cannot have ancient jewels in its windows—here we must pardon the modern intrusion. But what is this large one in the transept—"the gift of America to Shakespeare's church"? In the name of international friendship, what is it? We are making good glass in America, but our artists could not be guilty of this. And what is it all about? "King Charles the Martyr"—what is he doing here? Is it possible that a democratic people has denied its creed and insulted British history? King Charles the Martyr, St. Gavin, Bishop of Worcester; William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury—these are the figures which stand for subscribing Americans in the upper left-hand panel. And below we have the martyrdom of Archbishop Laud, with the "Martyrdom of King Charles" still to come in a pane not yet subscribed for. My Elizabethan mood was blown away by laughter, which rose to a high wind when I studied the right-hand panel, with its combination of William Penn and Amerigo Vespucci with Christopher Columbus. Columbus on one side, King Charles the Martyr on the other, with the Virgin and Child standing impartially between them—this is the window which the American ambassador unveiled with such pomp and ceremony a year ago in behalf of the great republic. Who achieved this triumph of tact and art? What committee of quaint royalists, with power to canonize perfidious kings, has acted for us in this case—for the people of the United States, for "America"?

Restored to realism once more, I became more conscious of the commercial spirit which subtly pervaded the house of God. Contribution-boxes—for the restoration fund, for the American window, for every available object—were set up and placarded everywhere, even in the choir. The museum had invaded the church; with some dread I ascended towards Shakespeare's grave. There it was, inside the altar-rail. And what defaced it there—another placard, an advertisement? Impossible, by all the spirits of death and silence! And yet, there unmistakably it lay, on the sacred stone itself, at the very foot of the consecrated altar—a "rubbing" of the stone's inscription with an advertisement stating that similar "rubbings" could be "bought at the entrance for fifty cents" (two shillings). Laughter fled now and wrath arose. The place swam around me—I could not see, I could not hear. I questioned the verger, I sought the vicar, and was met by a polite but firm "difference of opinion." I longed to tear up rubbing and placard, and be arrested and imprisoned—anything to make public protest against the outrage. Poor Shakespeare! Did he warn the world "for Jesus's sake forbear" to desecrate his grave, and is this the way we fulfill his one request? Better to dig his bones and scatter his ashes to the kindly winds, than to make a market of his grave and use his name to conjure shillings!

As I left the church a huge disgust came over me. I hated the commercial enterprise which cupidity and curiosity have made of modern Stratford. I wearied of the name of Shakespeare on the lips of guides and shop-keepers. The city, like Isabella's basil-plant, feeds and flourishes upon a dead man's brain, and all the high service of one of the world's great poets cannot bring him the privilege of quiet sleep under the consecrated altar of the church he loved.

Slow-going Austria.

THE Austrian nation is the most conservative in all Europe, and this little incident goes to prove the fact:

Some time ago—a year, perhaps—at one of the sittings of the Reichstag, a very radical member desired to be informed why a sentry was posted night and day in front of the old wall of the now demolished royal palace, which had neither doors nor windows to guard, and after a while the matter was explained in this way: About a hundred and twenty years ago the Chinese ambassador, on behalf of the Emperor of China, then a very mysterious and Arabian-nights sort of person, presented the Empress Maria Theresa with some rare tea-rose plants.

The Empress, who was a famous gardener, had them planted against the wall of the palace, and watched their growth with keen pleasure. But when the season came for their flowering the ladies of the court also took a deep interest in them, and, not content with merely looking, some of the maids-of-honor fell to picking the precious blossoms.

The Empress, a woman of very hot temper, was wroth when she missed her treasures, and ordered the captain of the palace guard to place a sentry on the path, between which and the wall the roses grew, and he was to allow no one but her Majesty to even touch the flowers.

In order that he might capture some of the delinquents he was instructed to look up at the top of the wall and not to appear to be the custodian of the flowers.

The great Empress, the Mediæval palace, the rare rose-plants are things of the long-dead past, but the order never having been repealed, for over a hundred years, day and night, has a sentry been posted there without any one asking the why or the wherefore, and the soldier never knowing for what reason he paced the ancient path.

Oscar II., of Scandinavia.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A KING.

OSCAR II., King of Sweden and Norway, is a grandson of Bernadotte, and the most distinguished descendant of that famous French marshal who quarreled with Napoleon, succeeded to a throne, and became the founder of a royal line. King Oscar was born at Stockholm in 1829, and succeeded his brother, King Charles XV., who died in 1872. He is, therefore, sixty-eight years old, and on the 18th of this month completes the twenty-fifth year of his prosperous and peaceful reign. The anniversary will be celebrated with brilliant festivities throughout Scandinavia in general, and at Stockholm in particular; while the loyalty of the Swedes and Norwegians of America ex-



SILVER VASE TO BE PRESENTED TO KING OSCAR BY THE SCANDINAVIANS OF PHILADELPHIA.

A n other testimonial gift to King Oscar from this side of the Atlantic is a silver vase, a photograph of which is here reproduced. It is presented by the Scandinavians of Philadelphia, many of whom are descendants of the early Swedish settlers along the Delaware. This vase is of solid silver, measures forty inches in height, and cost three thousand dollars. The design is gothic. On one side is the Swedish flag, on the other the Stars and Stripes, both in colored enamel. A figure symbolizing Peace stands out from the centre, with the motto, "Broedrefolkens Val" (the Welfare of the Brother Nation). On the stem of the vase four medallions represent Literature, Poetry, Music, and Art; on the base, eight more medallions are painted with typical Swedish and American scenes. Other decorations include the presentation inscription, the coats-of-arms of Sweden and of the city of Philadelphia, the old Swedes Church, and a viking ship.

The Swedes have been called "the Frenchmen of the North"; and Oscar II., who is a true Bernadotte in his handsome physique, martial temperament, artistic tastes, and liberal culture, seems well-nigh an ideal ruler for their kingdom. He is one of the most loyally loved of latter-day sovereigns, notwithstanding the Norwegian faction, headed by Björnsterne Björnson, that has long agitated a revolutionary movement for the overthrow of the Bernadotte dynasty. He was married in 1857 to Princess Sophia of Nassau (whose brother succeeded to the grand-duke of Luxembourg on the death of King William of Holland), and has four stalwart sons. The eldest, the Crown Prince Gustave, who is married to Princess Victoria of Baden, is a painter of genuine merit and distinction. The second son, Prince Charles, has just wedded the Princess Fryeborg, daughter of the crown prince of Denmark, and returns to Stockholm to participate in the celebration of his father's quarter-century reign.

Oscar II. is a sailor by profession, and has taken especial pride in building up the Scandinavian navy. Personally, however, he is far from affecting that bluff simplicity of manner which is supposed to characterize marine and military officers. On the contrary, his tastes are luxurious, his bearing and conversation courtly, his entertainments magnificent, and his palaces sumptuously furnished. His leisure hours are spent, preferably, in the company of artists, *littérateurs*, and men and women of science and learning. Paul du Chaillu, the traveler and explorer who gave to the kingdom the name of "the Land of the Midnight Sun," speaks enthusiastically of King Oscar as a scholar, a musician, and poet, and a man of consummate tact, "who has earned a reputation that is not merely kingly."

The choice of King Oscar as provisional arbitrator in the recent treaty between the United States and Great Britain gives him special prominence in the eyes of Americans, some of whom, at the time, frowned at the suggestion of a European monarch as arbitrator in possible controversies with another monarchical country. As a matter of fact, however, by the terms of the treaty, King Oscar would have very little to do, if anything, with a quarrel between this country and England.



THE GREAT BICYCLE

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK ARE ALWAYS ENTERTAINING, AND THE NEWNESS OF THE PASSING SHOW NEVER PALLS UPON ANY ONE WITH A REMNANT OF CAPACITY IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS—ALL THESE COMBINE TO MAKE THE METROPOLIS THE MOST INTERESTING PLACE IN THIS COUNTRY IF NOT IN THE WORLD. DURING THE PAST MONTH THE BICYCLISTS CANNOT BE LEFT OUT IN ANY RECKONING OF THE THINGS WHICH GO TO MAKE UP THE LIFE AND THE MOVEMENT OF THE GREAT TOWN. THE PICTURE HERE IS A FAIR REPRESENTATION OF THE SCENE ON THE NEW YORK CITY STREETS. THIS IS NO EXCEPTIONAL SCENE, BUT THE SAME THING MAY BE SEEN RIGHT THERE ANY FAIR EVENING IN ANY MONTH OF THE YEAR. INDEED, THE BOULEVARD IS AS POPULAR AS ANY OTHER ROAD IN THE WORLD. NO BETTER ENTERTAINMENT WAS EVER GIVEN IN A CIRCUS THAN A CURB-STONE SPECTATOR CAN ENJOY OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON WHEN THE SUN IS IN THE SKY.



T BICYCLE PARADE.

REMNANT OF CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT. THE MOVING CROWDS ON THE SIDEWALKS, THE ENDLESS PROCESSIONS OF CARRIAGES EITHER WAY, THE BEAUTIFUL EXHIBITION. DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS ANOTHER FEATURE HAS BEEN ADDED TO GIVE FURTHER VARIETY TO THE SCENE, AND NOW, WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS AWHEEL, TOWN. THE PICTURE THAT WE HERE PRESENT SHOWS THE BICYCLE PARADE AT SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, WHERE THE BOULEVARD CROSSES UNDER THE ELEVATED RAIL. INDEED, THE BOULEVARD IS THE GREAT CYCLE PATH IN NEW YORK, AND ON HOLIDAYS IT IS CROWDED TO DISCOMFORT, THOUGH IT IS ONE OF THE WIDEST STREETS ON WHEN THE SUN SHINES FAIR AND THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE OUT FOR A LARK IN THE OPEN AIR AND ON THE FREE HIGHWAY.

Geology of the Klondike.

BY HAROLD B. GOODRICH.

A RECENT explorer in a part of Alaska as far removed from the newly-discovered Klondike region as Washington is from Boston has said: "That country is one-half made; the glaciers are slowly doing their work, the mountains are smoking, and the rivers are vomiting out quantities of quicksand." What is true of the Cook's Inlet country of southern Alaska is also true, in a measure, of the valley of the Yukon. There are, however, some differences. In the region of the gold-fields there are no glaciers. Active volcanoes, too, are so far away that it is only by the occasional reports of Indians or prospectors who have made a longer trip than usual that their existence is known. And yet one can see, through all the valley of that great river of the North, abundant evidences of the unformed character of the country.

The one thing which strikes the traveler, be he layman or geologist, is the immense amount of work which the streams are performing. The Lewes River, down which he takes his way to the diggings, rises, as is known, in a series of lakes, the largest of which is over thirty miles long. The country in the upper lake region is mountainous, with torrents plunging down through rough valleys from the eternal snow.

The contrast between this water of the lakes, which is clear, and that of the stream emerging from them is remarkable. The latter soon becomes turbid, being full of sediment, so that one cannot see more than a quarter of an inch below the surface. A basinful taken out and allowed to stand clears itself in time, and a thick deposit of mud is found in the bottom of the receptacle.

The current boils and flows very rapidly, and as the boat floats along a sound is heard like that of frying fat. Upon searching for the cause of this sound it is found to lie in the grating against the bottom of the boat of the very fine particles of sand carried in suspension. From the moment of entering the Lewes River until the end of the trip this sound is never absent. A truly enormous amount of material is thus borne along by the Yukon and finally emptied into the immense delta at its mouth in Norton's Sound.

The question whence comes all this material is easily answered. High silt, or sand-bluffs, line the course of the upper river, and from a distance, as one approaches, he can see a cloud-like smoke arising from the cut banks as the loose material is undermined and falls into the stream. These landslides are so frequent, and at times so immense, that hundreds of cart-loads of sediment are being ever dumped into the water within limited areas; so it is no wonder that the Lewes-Yukon is a muddy stream. This process, although the geologist is accustomed to speak of it as recent, has been going on for untold ages as compared with the human life, and during its operation not only has the softer material been worn down, but hard rocks have been carved into canions and gorges sometimes five hundred feet deep. In this waste and wear of rock, pebbles and boulders are supplied to the stream, which carries them on towards the sea. At certain places, however, the river meets with obstacles in its course: a sharp curve, a sudden bend, or a barrier in mid-channel; here, then, the current slackens and the load becomes greater than it can carry. Much of the detritus is dropped, forming gravel-bars and islands. With the heavier material, which is deposited first while the lighter sediment is borne onward, are minerals and metals which originally occurred in the rocks that have been disintegrated by the action of the water. Thus gold, which is several times as heavy as the gravel, is found in the bars. This bar-gold is generally fine, and the early miners realized that it had been carried sometimes long distances from its original place of occurrence. The nearer to its source the coarser, they knew, the particles would be, and it was with the purpose of finding such coarse gold that prospecting began along the many tributaries of the Yukon, such as Stewart River, Forty-mile Creek, Birch Creek, and their smaller gulches.

Here the same conditions were found as upon the Yukon itself, only modified by the difference in the size of the streams; for the ability to transport material supplied depends not only upon the velocity of the current, but upon its volume as well. Therefore, in the gulches—recent troughs cut by the smaller streams—were found thicknesses of gravel deposited by running water, and at the bottom of these, gold that was coarser than that of the bars. These gulch deposits are the ones that are now being profitably worked. The miners are not satisfied until they know the origin of the gold, and so continuous effort has been made to locate "the mother lode"; for, they say, with such rich deposits as that of Klondike and other placer districts, the vein from which the gold has been worn must be enormously rich. This does not necessarily follow, for the placer deposit is an accumulation and concentration of the work of Nature's forces extending over thousands of years. As, in the Treadwell mine of southeastern Alaska, a very "low-grade" ore is made to yield almost a million of dollars annually by large scale mining and milling, so, in the placer deposits of the interior, the original ore from which the gold has been derived has perhaps also been generally of low grade.

The fact that many coarse nuggets found in the gulches are composed almost entirely of quartz has startled many into the belief that the very rich vein must be near at hand. Indeed, everything indicates that the gold in the gulches has not been carried far. Often right alongside the nuggets there are seen quartz veins in the bed-rock of schist, which is found in most of the placer districts. These are sometimes passed by with the disparaging remark, "That's hungry quartz," meaning that it is too poor in gold to be worth mining—and so it is, under the conditions at present existing in

the country. But these veins do generally contain a small percentage of gold. It may be that in further explorations veins enormously rich in the precious metals will be discovered. In fact, some prospectors assert that they have already found such. Nor is this meant to dispute the possibility, but merely to deny the necessity of their existence in accounting for rich placers like the Klondike.

The New Woman as a Jockey.

MISS LEOTA ELLIOTT, of Orient, Maine, is winning laurels and other things as a reinswoman at horse-races. At the Pittsfield (Maine) races, recently, Miss Elliott drove the winning horse and took first prize. She was one of four competitors.



MISS LEOTA ELLIOTT.

Arrived in a bifurcated skirt, and seated upon a bicycle sulky, she did a mile in 2:25.

Her graceful and business-like performance won the admiration of the thousands who saw the race, and it seemed to her townspeople present, as well as to strangers, that in successfully competing for fame and money she sacrificed none of her womanly dignity. Miss Elliott is twenty-one years of age, and attractive in appearance. She was born on the farm in Orient owned by her father, a well-known hotel-keeper, and has received a good education. She has been accustomed to the handling of horses almost from her infancy. In her own words: "I acquired my knowledge at home. My first start was owing to my father giving me a colt which I fed and reared to my own desire. Then I broke it myself, and from that start I have continued along at home until it was realized that I could drive in a somewhat careful style without the usual feeling of nervousness that some young people are subject to. I am now driving around our county roads a horse named Alencon, with a record of 2:30. I am also handling a colt of our own breeding, Lady Elliott, who was driven, at two years old, one-half mile in 1:26, and we are looking for still better results."



A Rocky Mountain Resort Burned.

THE famous Broadmoor Casino, just beyond the limits of Colorado Springs, was burned to the ground early in the morning of July 19th. This magnificent building, which stood at the very threshold of the Rocky Mountains, was built by Count James Poutales, Mr. W. J. Wilcox, and Mr. Duncan Chisholm. It was formally opened June 30th, 1891. The original idea of the promoters was to establish in the Rockies an American Monte Carlo, but this scheme was soon dropped. Thousands of people have journeyed to this casino to hear the famous Hungarian band led by Herr Stark, and to avail themselves of the many trips radiating from the door of this great pleasure point. This year the hotel running in connection with the popular resort was opened, and at the time of the fire it was well filled, particularly with Eastern people. A movement is now on foot to rebuild the beautiful casino at once.

A Branch of Practical Philately.

Two New York girls, Anna and Ethel Earle, are the originators and promoters of a branch of philately that is proving itself the most lucrative branch of the postage-stamp business yet devised. They keep private families supplied with postage-stamps, and although they have been at work only about ten months they have an income of seventy dollars a month from their business. Uncle Sam's little rose-pink decorations for envelopes are the means of supporting these two enterprising young women and an invalid mother.

"The idea was suggested to us by a friend of ours," said the elder Miss Earle in an interview. "She was a woman of means and of an extensive correspondence, and one night she sent a messenger blocks and blocks in quest of a postage-stamp to mail an important letter. Since Uncle Sam has established substations about New York the drug-stores will not be annoyed with the postage-stamp trade. They will accommodate customers sometimes, but a woman feels obliged to purchase a bottle of perfume, or a cake of soap, or something of small value, in order to square herself for the favor they confer when they let her have a two-cent stamp. Women rarely have a postage-stamp in the house, and there is always the same scurrying about when they want to post a letter. The more we thought about it the more we concluded that there was a demand for stamps that are neither foreign nor rare, but just the good, every-day kind that sometimes one would rather have than a dollar bill. With this notion firmly grounded in our minds we set about gathering a list of names. We have a complete settlement of patrons in some of the large apartment-houses, and we call once a week. You wouldn't think how cordially we are greeted. One patron will say: 'Ah, here comes my little postage-stamp girl. My stamps are almost out.' Or another one will exclaim: 'I am so glad you have come, for I have been waiting for three days so that I could write some letters.' Another woman said: 'My husband says he never knew me to have a stamp in the house in his life till now, and he regards me as improving in my attention to detail. When I told him of you,' she continued, 'he said your idea was a clever one, and filled a long-felt want.'

"How do we charge?

"Well, you see, we do not charge for the stamps; we only charge for the service. Our best patrons pay us ten cents for calling. Among the artists, students, and other professional people we only charge five cents for calling. We have boarding-schools and art classes on our list, and whole buildings filled with art students.

"We started in with a ten-dollar stock of postage-stamps, and now when we start out every day we each carry twenty dollars' worth. We also carry special-delivery stamps, stamped envelopes, penny wrappers, and postal-cards. Our business has grown to such an extent that in the fall we shall be able to realize about five dollars a day for our work.

"The idea has proved to be a practical one in every respect, and I should think it would prove equally so in any large city. It has been suggested to us that we extend our work to the office districts, but we have no ambitions beyond our own individual effort, and our time is all consumed by our work as it is.

"Am I not afraid some one will steal our idea?

"No, indeed; for we have our own patrons, and any one else is welcome to get patrons of their own, for we believe ours are secure. I have thought that we might carry samples of stationery and take orders for all sorts of paper, including orders for stamping, monograms, etc., and for engraved cards. In this case we would simply work as agents for some large establishment and receive a commission on orders."

The Earle sisters are less than thirty years of age, and are evidently the originators of the cleverest idea since the clean-towel office-supply idea was invented by a woman and promptly organized into a business company by men who stole or appropriated her idea and, with capital behind it, promoted a flourishing business that is now represented in every city in the Union.

HARYOT HOLT CAHOON.

A Radical Reform in Tea.

THE people of the United States consume about eighty million pounds of tea every year. If there had been a normal increase in the consumption of tea in the last twenty years, it is estimated, we would now be buying nearly one hundred and fifty million pounds of tea from Japan, China, India, and Ceylon. The consumption of tea per capita has declined every year. This is due to a peculiar condition, made especially interesting now because a new law of Congress, intended to abolish this condition, has just gone into effect. This is the law to prevent the importation of impure and unwholesome tea, under which fixed standards for the judgment of all teas have been established, and all teas not conforming to the requirements of the law are being deported or destroyed.

For many years the Chinese have been sending to the United States a kind of tea known as Pingsuey. It is made from the leaves of a weed-like plant which grows freely near Shanghai. The prepared leaves of this plant can be sold to the trade in New York at ten cents a pound. Tea retails at forty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a pound. Dealers found it as easy to sell the ten-cent tea at forty cents as tea of excellent quality which costs at wholesale twice as much. Consequently there sprang up a great demand for low-grade tea, and the country has been flooded with it. Probably nine-tenths of all the tea brought to this country in recent years was of this cheap kind.

An interesting result of this deterioration in the tea product has been the falling-off in the consumption of tea. In the South the consumption has fallen to a half-pound per capita.

Instead of demanding a better quality of tea, consumers have turned to other stimulants, chiefly coffee. The decline in the tea business proved to the importers the necessity of a more stringent law to prevent the introduction of poor teas; and the result of their efforts at Washington was the passage of a law repealing the loose-jointed law of 1883, and providing for a strict examination of all shipments of tea received at four ports of entry—Tacoma, San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. A commission appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury has established sixteen standards for the tea crop of 1897, and according to these standards the new teas are being judged. Each shipment is tested by sample by infusion in boiling water, which is the recognized trade test, and by chemical analysis also when that seems necessary. If tea is rejected it must be loaded for export or destroyed under the supervision of a customs inspector.

It is estimated that twenty million pounds of tea put on the market last year would have been rejected if judged by the standards just established. The necessary result of the new law, if properly administered, is the raising of the standard of tea consumed in this country; and those who are interested in the tea trade hope that it will increase the consumption eventually to a point approximating that of Great Britain, which is now more than four times as great. An incidental result may be an advance in the price of tea to the consumer. This is the more likely as the new law did not go into effect in time to affect the planting of the 1897 crops, and there promises to be a shortage in the supply. The wholesale price is sure to be higher; but the advance may not affect the consumer, as tea is handled on a greater margin of profit than any other article of food.

A Jew-fish of Santa Catalina.

THIS huge sea-monster, which was really brought to bay by a child of much larger growth than the one shown in the accompanying photograph, is known as the jew-fish. The specimen here photographed was caught at Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of southern California. Not infrequently during the fishing season a dozen or more of these enormous creatures may be seen strung up on the beach for the edification of admiring crowds of visitors. The name jew-fish is said to be a corruption of "June-fish"—the early month of summer being the time of the creature's annual reappearance. Scientists tell us that the jew-fish, with its barrel-shaped body, its inordinate small eyes and mouth, and preponderance of head, is a close connection of the graceful black sea-bass. One can readily sur-



190- "I CAUGHT HIM." WAITE, PHOTO.

mise that the latter species are not over-proud of the relationship. The largest jew-fish caught at Catalina weighed exactly six hundred and fifty pounds. Very few are ever brought to the surface which turn the scales at less than one hundred pounds. They are caught with a hand-line, though there is a tradition that a three hundred-pounder was once brought to terms with a twenty-one-Cattyhunk line and a sixteen-ounce rod. The jew-fish of Catalinian waters has never been regarded as particularly "sporty," possibly from contrast with the gamy yellow-tail and sea-bass, the nimble barracuda, and others of that ilk. Occasionally, however, certain latent springs of action in the massive frame become manifest, and startle even experienced fishermen. An instance in point occurred a few weeks since, when two successful anglers were quietly rowing shoreward with their victim in tow. They were just turning into Avalon Bay when the fish suddenly veered about and dragged the skiff and its occupants nearly three miles out to sea before he finally succumbed. DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD.

Going to New York.

We live in one of those modern settlements which are doing so much to improve the **stamina** of the present and future generations. The men all spend the day at work in the city, and then return some ten miles out to their homes amid the trees,

where each house has over an acre of ground, where the location is on a plateau above all ordinary contaminations, where the sanitation is the latest, and where the water is pure and plentiful. In summer we number about three hundred, and in winter about one hundred, but among at least three-fourths of our ranks there is one annual or semi-annual idea, and that is a trip to New York. Last winter one of the brightest women of our park returned, and her first exclamation was: "I have lived for two whole weeks." And although it was in a New York flat, which she might have stowed away in a corner of her large and beautiful home without missing the room, she had lived because she had been in the swish and the whirl of the metropolis, had feasted on opera and the drama—possibly on vaudeville, but, being a good church-member, she could not admit that—had basked in the glare and bounty of the restaurants, had been on the eternal go. Others of us also went, and came back to the quietude of our tall trees and ample homes with new stimulus in our contented purposes and fresh memories in our awakened minds. It is the reflex of all this that our New York friends come to our sleepy hollow and glory in the roominess and laziness and healthfulness and informality of it all, but the sylvan shades tempt them only for a few weeks, and the wild flowers begin to lack the beauty and the novelty of the florists' windows of Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

But going to New York is the great thing. I read in one of the important trade journals to-day that New York was isolated because of the cost of travel, and the argument was ingeniously set forth that whereas the railroads carried a barrel of flour from Chicago to New York for about seventy cents, they made a passenger pay about twenty dollars, not counting extras; and the indignant logician wanted an immediate reduction of fares of fifty per cent., in order that New York might be brought closer to the people who wanted to visit it. How silly! The railroads know perfectly well that people will go to New York whether fares are high or low, and they are not going to throw away money by senseless reductions. It is curious how the very thought of traveling New-Yorkwards loosens the purse-strings. The big city seems to breed a mania for liberality. The traveler argues: "Of course I know it's going to cost. New York is expensive. But it's only once a year, and I'd just as well do this thing right from the start." And he does. And the porter and the waiter get generous tips. And a bottle of wine may accompany the dining-car meal, and the cigar may equal in expense at least three of the home quality. The thought of New York is financial demoralization. And it is a matter of experience which thousands will cheerfully testify to, that the fees on the way to New York are always larger than on the return trip. Yes, New York is expensive, and it leaves your pockets hungry; but it is worth all it takes.

A first-class hotel is about the same the world over, and there is really little difference among the first-class hotels of New York. And yet it is a most delightful change to live for a few days in one of these human honeycombs, and have the clean and agile bees serve you and feed you at the pressing of a button. But even better than that is the tonic of the streets, the fine movement of the people, the atmosphere wherein you grow an inch and swing yourself along as if on dress-parade. I have never been in Berlin or Vienna, but I have seen the streets of London and Paris and of the cities of this country, and my humble conclusion is that in the general sprightliness and impressiveness of bearing, in the effectiveness of tone and presence, the street procession of New York is the most satisfying in the whole world.

It is only when we leave the streets that we see the sad side of the picture. Unquestionably the elevated railroads are the best and swiftest means of locomotion that any city in the world possesses, and with all the complaints which we read in the New York papers the service seems to the visitor to be more than good, but those awful steps are beyond description. The old-time criminal who walked the tread-mill was the progenitor of the New Yorker who is eternally climbing. On one occasion we went to a distant part of Brooklyn from the centre of New York. It was up step and down step with the changes of cars, and although we live almost three hundred miles from New York we unanimously agreed that between a trip to Brooklyn and that journey of three hundred miles we would take the latter every time. After the climbing it is easy to understand why New York's progress depends upon its importation of strength and fresh manhood from other sections; it is because the New Yorkers themselves are wearing out their backbones and their nerves on those remorseless steps. The elevated crowd is so different from the procession of the streets! It is glum. It is uncivil. The courtesy to women was left on the steps. One feels sad in looking at it, and then turns to the window. Woeful change! If there is anything calculated to make the dweller in green fields and along babbling brooks retain his rural residence



GENERAL VIEW OF SKAGUAY, THE UNCHARTERED CITY OF THE MINERS.



BROADWAY, THE MAIN STREET OF SKAGUAY.

The Camp at Skagway.

AT Skagway, whence these pictures were sent, a remarkable experiment in self-government is at this moment going on. Nothing perhaps has ever illustrated so well the inherent desire of the Anglo-Saxon for self-governing, and his deep belief in the efficiency and expediency of majority rule. The miners at Skagway, having nothing more in common than the desire for gold, voluntarily associated themselves into a miners' meeting, similar to the old town meetings of New England. The action of the majority of this meeting is binding upon the whole. Though it was to the interest of certain well-equipped prospectors, supplied with provisions and horses, to push ahead and leave the others to their fate, the whole body of men, leaving progress out of the question for a while, have started in to prepare the trail and corduroy the road that leads to the head-waters of the Yukon and incidentally to fortune. There had been no previous disposition to work on the roads on the part of the miners, but the meeting changed all that, and every interest that conflicted with that of the whole was at once put aside. Now the whole camp of eighteen hundred men is industriously corduroying the road, and the rules against thievery are so strict that a man may leave his goods out of doors and unguarded without the slightest risk. Thus does the Anglo-Saxon work out his own salvation.

it is the procession of narrow rooms and unkempt women and children and general cramped-up-edness that stretches from the Battery to Harlem.

Yet there may be reason in their madness, for, while the New-Yorkers have less room in their homes, they have more things outside of them than the people of any city in this country. We from the country cannot pay too high a tribute to the public spirit and generosity of the noble men and women who have done such magnificent work in building up the free institutions of New York—the Metropolitan Museum, to see which thousands go to New York annually; the Natural History Museum, the Zoo, and the hundreds of opportunities which make the educational influences so many and so practical that the rising generation cannot be ignorant or indifferent, even if it were so disposed. In the New York newspapers we find no tidings of these higher evidences of culture and civilization which are making New York the centre of so much that is inestimably valuable to the whole country. But we find them on our visits, and we return home proud of our greatest city.

L. R. M.

Royal Saves Doubly

Do not be deluded by the deceptive claim of economy for the cheap baking powders. Instead of saving, their use results in a wastefulness of the most serious kind.

First, there is the loss of an occasional baking. Flour, butter, and eggs cost too much to run the risk of spoiling them with an inferior baking powder. Royal's work is uniformly perfect, and good materials are never wasted where it is used.

In the second place, the adulterants which are used to cheapen the cost of the low-priced baking powders have a most harmful effect upon the health. No prudent person will risk an attack of indigestion to save a few cents on baking powder. Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure and wholesome, and actually adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Thus the use of the Royal is doubly economical.



A ROYAL DINNER.



KING OSCAR II.



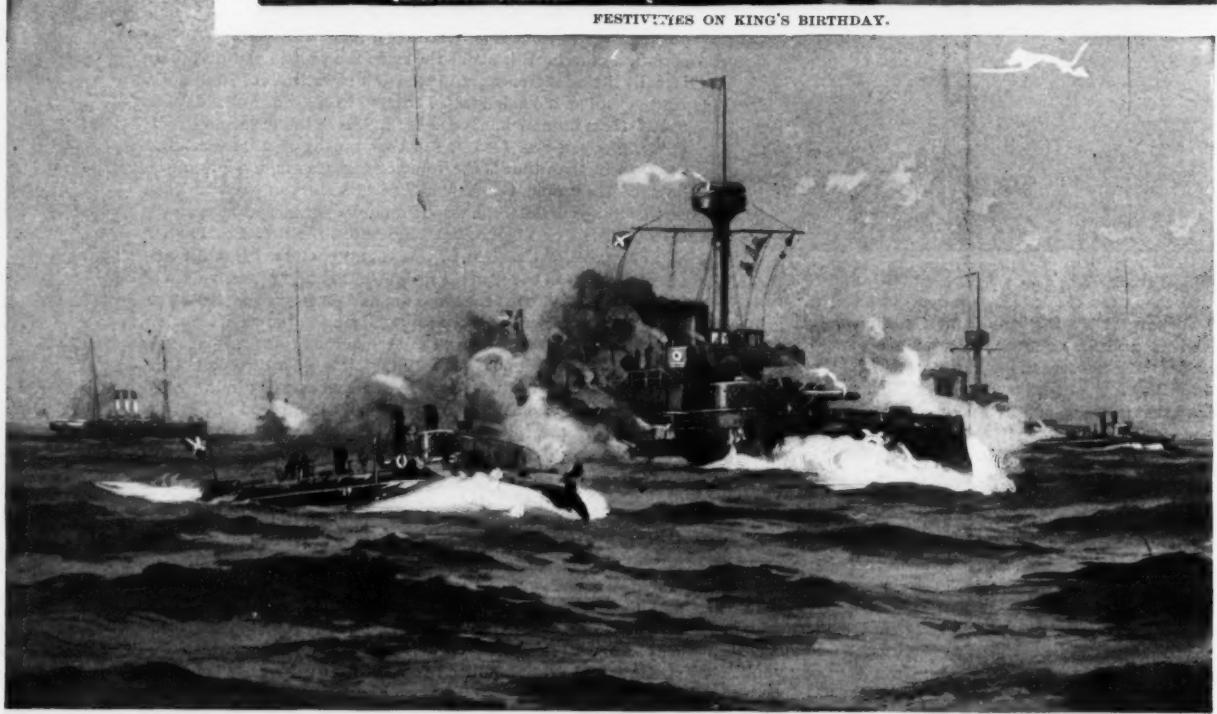
STOCKHOLM.



FESTIVITIES ON KING'S BIRTHDAY.



JUBILEE GIFT OF SWEDES IN THE UNITED STATES.



KING'S YACHT AT SWEDISH NAVAL MANEUVRES.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF KING OSCAR'S REIGN IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 199.]

Wright's Genuine Health Underwear



Always Found in This Style Box



A light weight underwear—made from Pure Undyed Wool—soft to the flesh. An underwear which will Wear, Wash and will Not Shrink. You get this when you purchase the

Genuine Wright's Health Underwear.

For Sale Everywhere.

"Thrift is a good revenue."
Great Savings
results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO:
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.



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Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC CCC

You find just what you want, convenient in form, pleasant of taste (just like candy), and of never-failing remedial action. Although made of the most costly ingredients, they are sold at a price within the reach of all.

ALL DRUGGISTS.
10c., 25c., 50c.

From Baby to Dear Old Grandpa.

DEATH AND THE NATIONAL GAME.

The importance of base-ball as it is played in Indian Territory may be judged from the fact that the execution of a young Indian for murder was postponed by the Governor of the Choctaw nation from a recent Saturday to the following Monday, to enable the murderer to play with his nine a farewell game. The white man's respect for the game is not as absurd, but it might occasionally call for the adjournment of Congress and that of a few Legislatures.—*Judge*.

EXCESSIVE PRUDENCE.

"JACK spends all he makes."
"If that's all he spends he must be economical."—*Judge*.

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COUNTERFEIT MILEAGE TICKETS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

RECENTLY there appeared in Pittsburgh a man giving the name of R. C. Lucas, accompanied by a woman calling herself May Anderson, who attempted to dispose of counterfeit Baltimore and Ohio mileage-books. They did succeed in selling some to the brokers, and then departed for Cleveland, where they registered at the American House as R. C. Lucas and wife.

In their efforts to dispose of the spurious tickets they aroused suspicous, which were at once communicated to the Baltimore and Ohio agent, who immediately took such action as led to the arrest and conviction of the woman, who was found guilty of selling counterfeit tickets and sentenced to six months in the work-house, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and costs.

The man succeeded in making his escape, but as he is known to the railroad people and the police his arrest is only a question of time.

The Baltimore and Ohio officials have taken every precaution to prevent the sale or use of these spurious tickets, and have expressed a determination to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law any one caught attempting to use counterfeit mileage or other bogus forms of transportation, and will be especially vigorous against brokers found offering them for sale.

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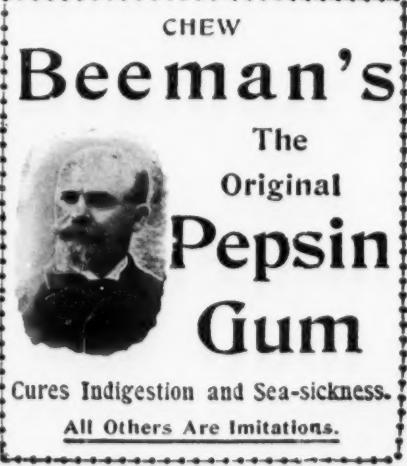
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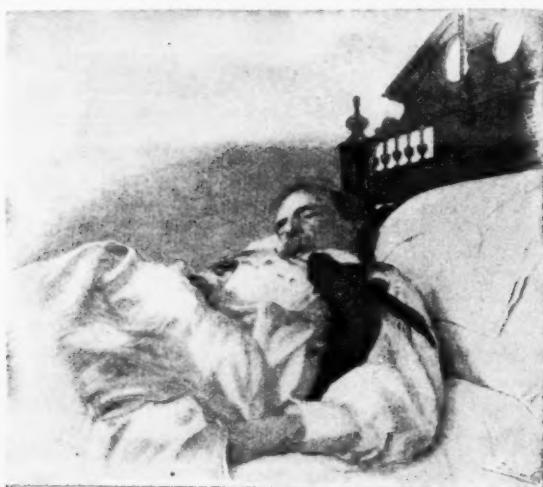
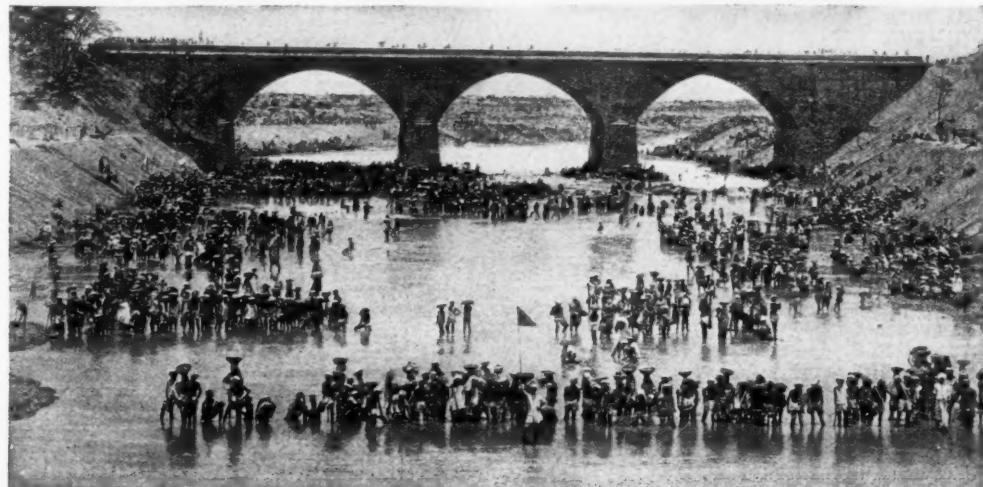
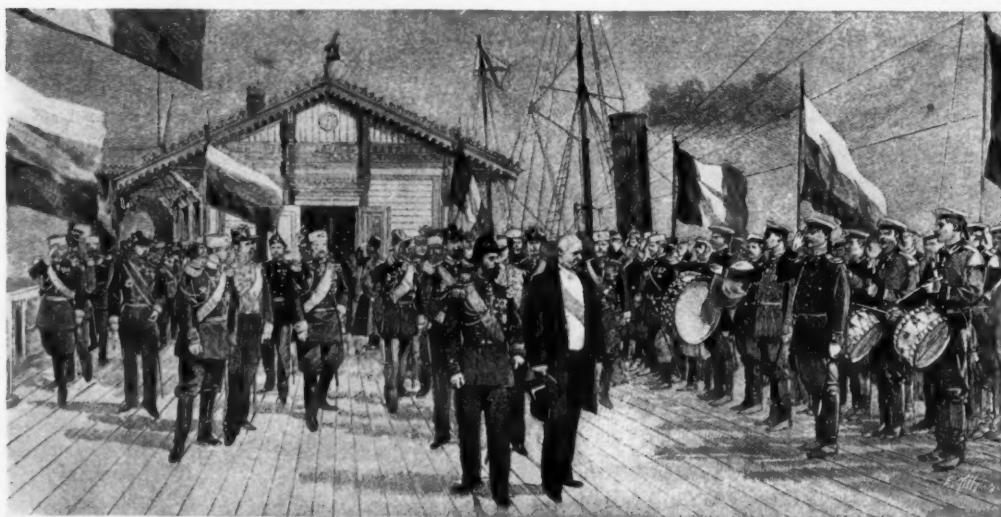
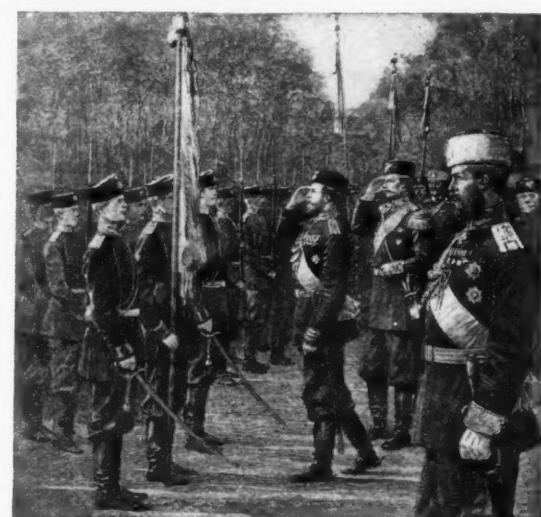
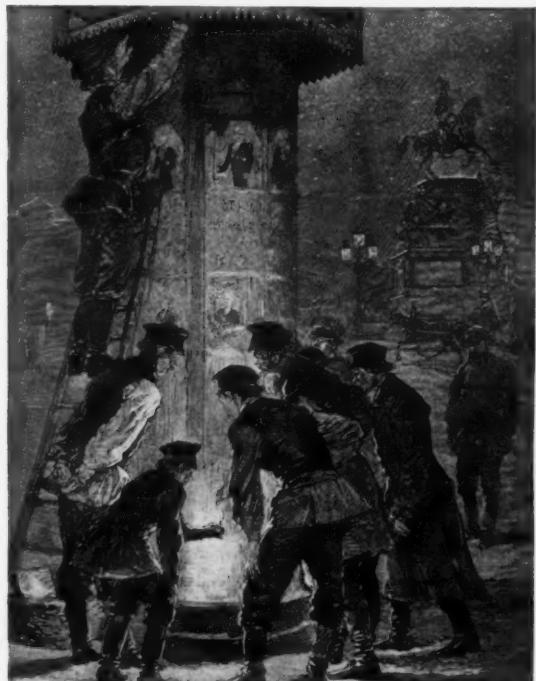
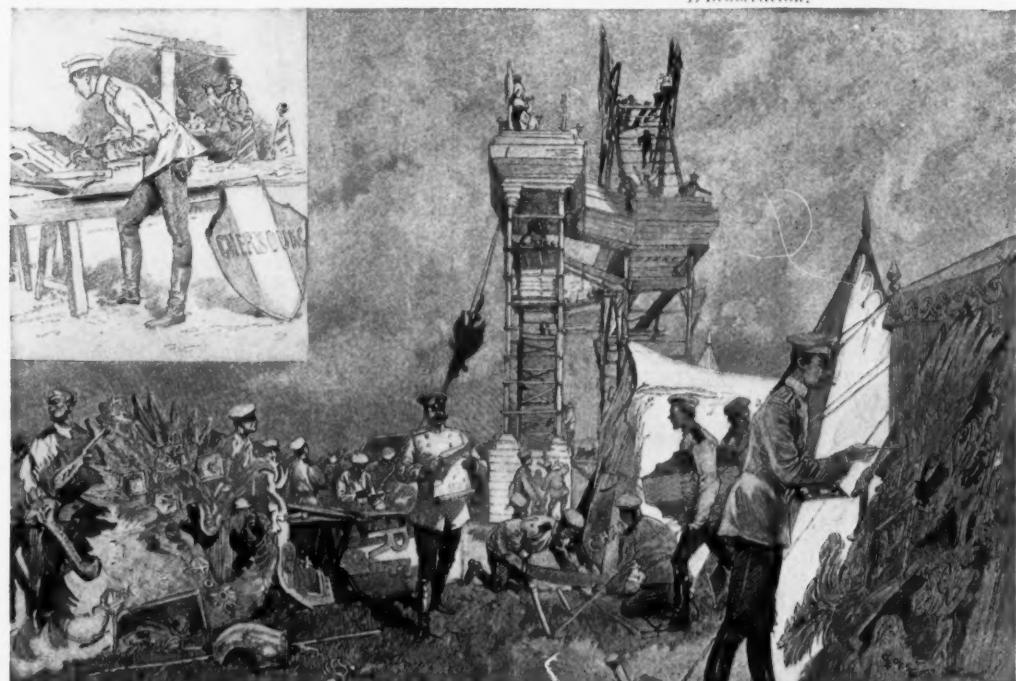




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UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF AN ETON COLLEGE CREW TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN A FOUR-OARED SHELL.—*Black and White.*

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ASSASSINATION OF THE SPANISH PREMIER—CANOVAS ON HIS DEATH-BED.—*St. Paul's.*RELIEF WORKS IN INDIA—EMPLOYING FAMINE-STRICKEN AGRICULTURISTS UPON IMPROVEMENT OF THE KARINADI CHANNEL, AGRA.—*London Graphic.*FRANCE AND RUSSIA—DEBARKATION OF PRESIDENT FAURE AT PETERHOF, ON HIS VISIT TO THE CZAR.—*L'Illustration.*THE CZAR SALUTING THE STANDARDS, IN THE REVIEW OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT KRASNOE-SELO.—*L'Illustration.*PRESIDENT FAURE'S PORTRAIT, IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG.—*L'Illustration.*OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE IMPERIAL CUIRASSIERS CONSTRUCTING THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH FOR PRESIDENT FAURE'S RECEPTION AT KRASNOE-SELO.—*L'Illustration.*

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GOTHAM—"How did you get those punctures?"

JERSEY—"I forgot to put the mosquito-netting over my wheel last night."—Judge.

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Two very attractive early-autumn tours well be run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving New York and Philadelphia September 28th and October 12th.

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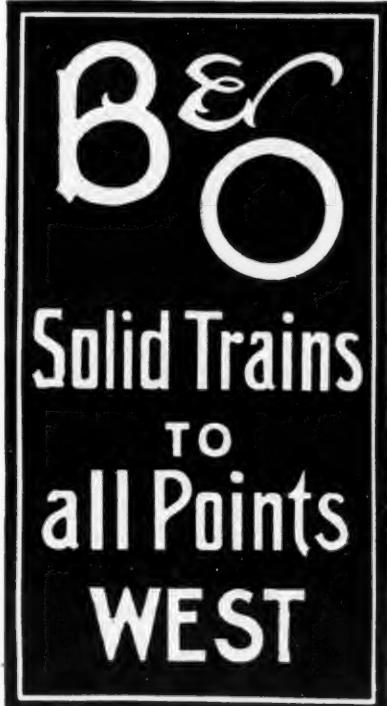
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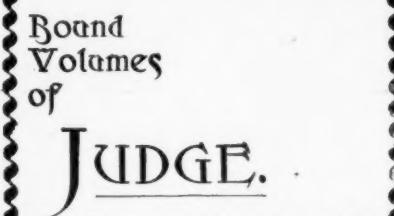
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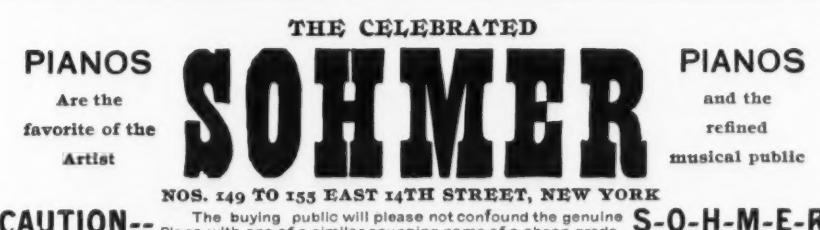
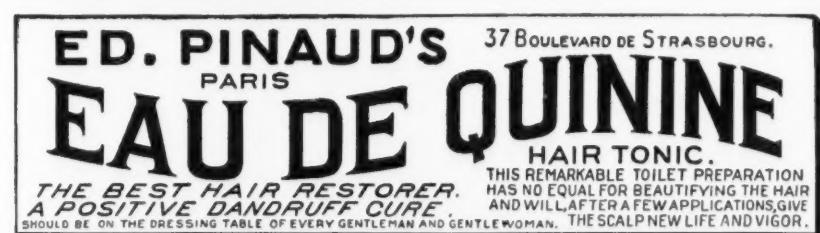
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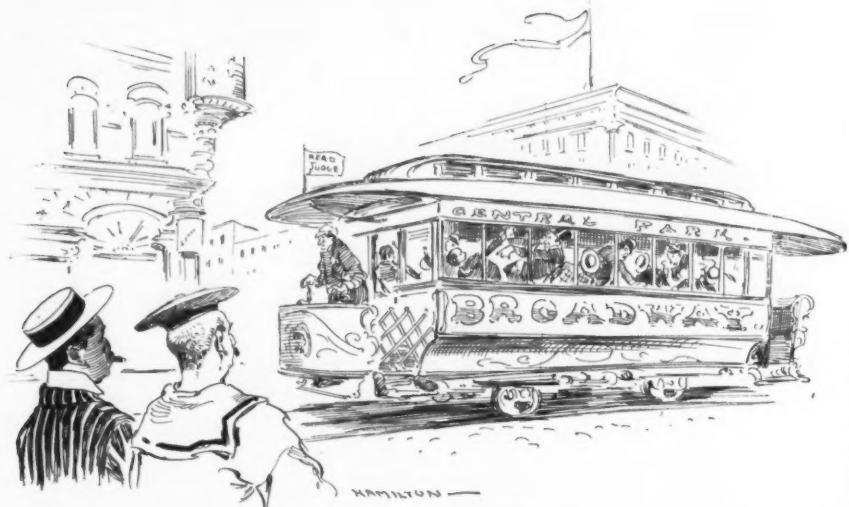
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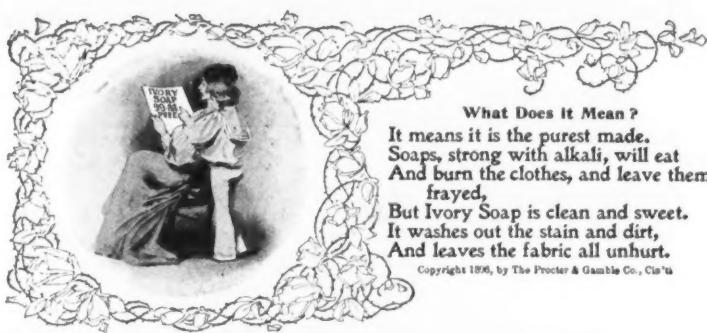
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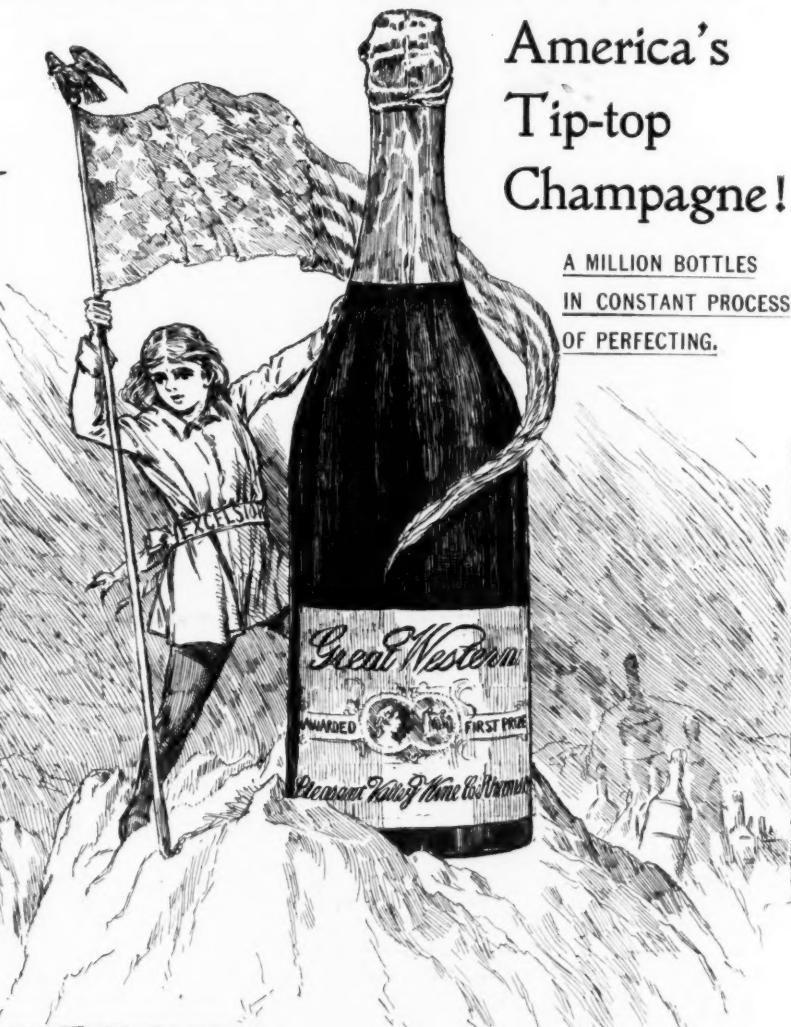
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